

William Busfeild.


Emily Harris.

The gift of her uncle.

Henry Harris

WED(549)

Gothic



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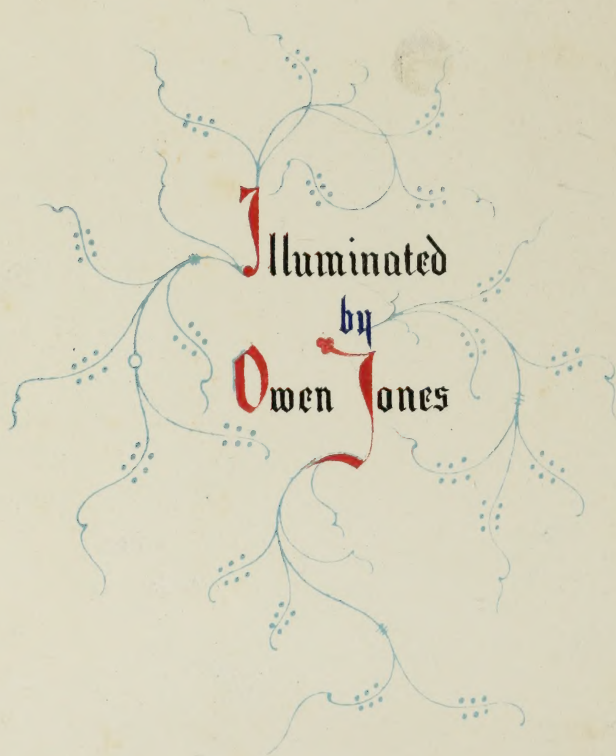
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LONDON. LONGMAN AND C^o 1846.

NEW YORK. WILEY AND PUTNAM.




Illuminated
by
Owen Jones




N the
urfew

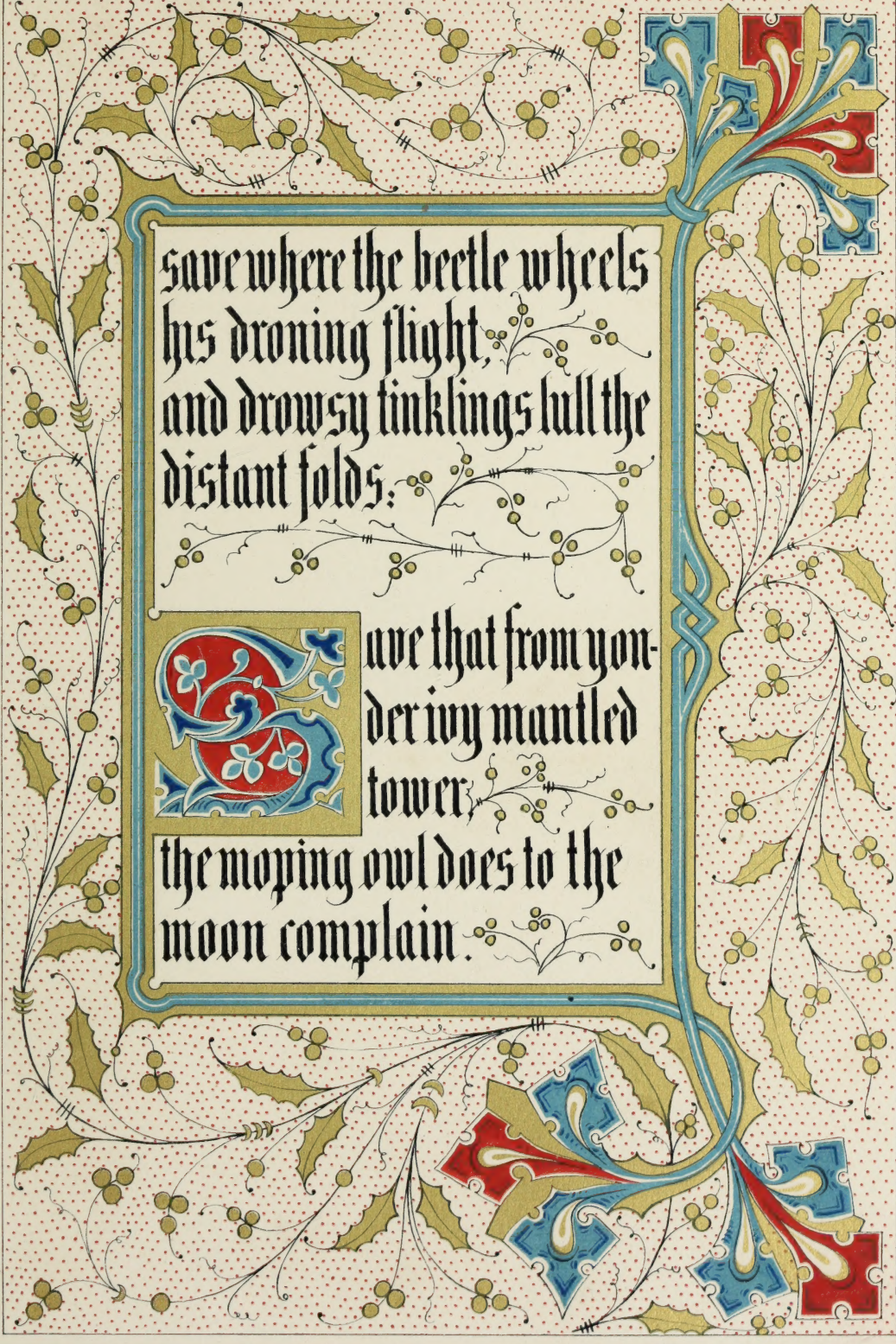
tolls the knell of parting
day;
the lowing herd winds
slowly o'er the lea;

The page is framed by a decorative border of holly leaves and berries. The background is a light cream color with a fine red dotted pattern. The text is in a black Gothic script. The first line of the first stanza is 'the ploughman homeward', the second is 'plods his weary way', the third is 'and leaves the world to dark-', and the fourth is 'ness and to me'.

the ploughman homeward
plods his weary way
and leaves the world to dark-
ness and to me


A large, ornate initial 'N' in blue and red with gold filigree, set against a gold background. It is decorated with holly leaves and berries.

Now fades the
glimmering land-
scape on the sight
and all the air a solemn still-
ness holds



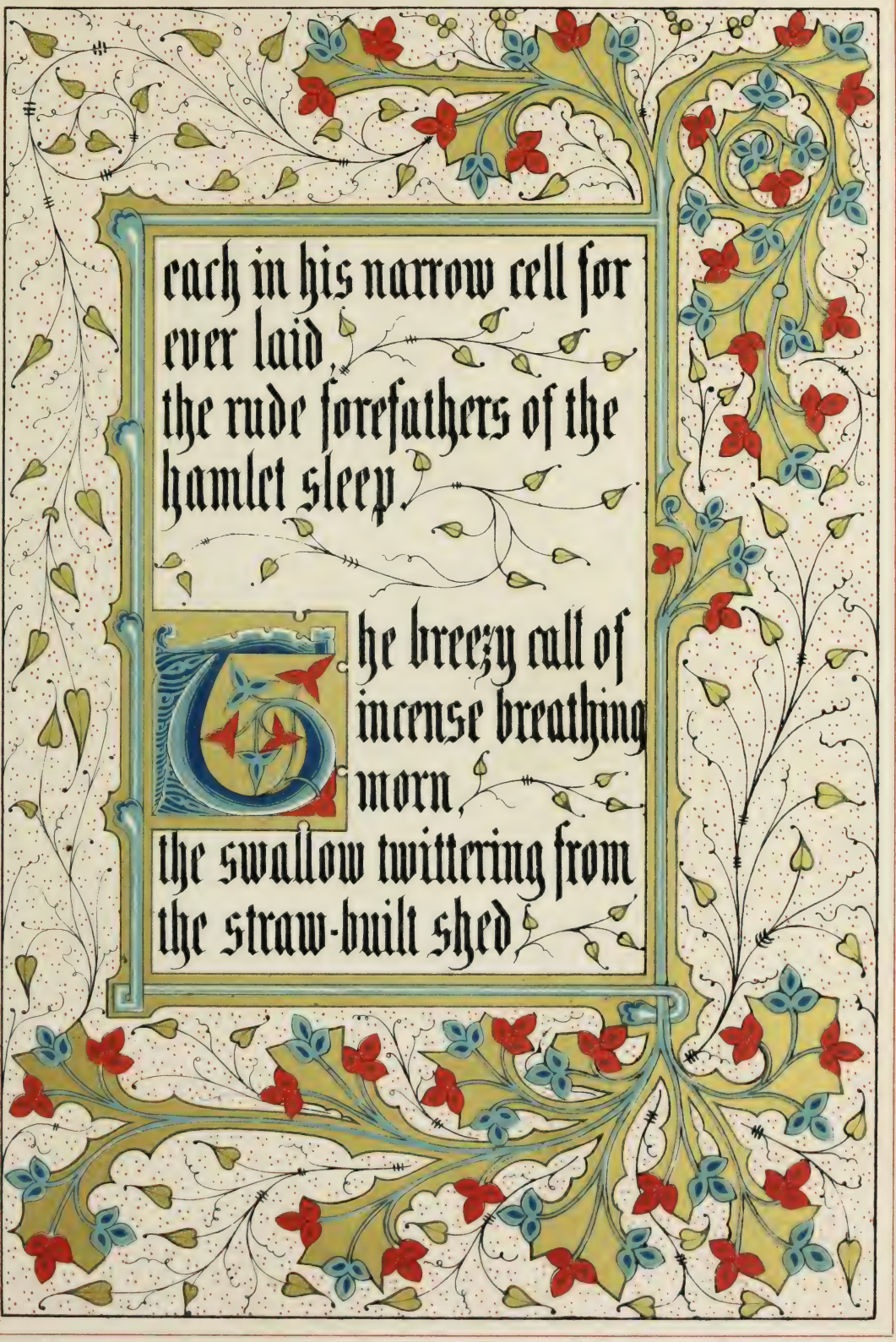
save where the beetle wheels
his droning flight,
and drowsy tinklings lull the
distant folds:

Save that from yon-
der ivy mantled
tower,
the moping owl does to the
moon complain.

The page is a full-page illumination. It features a wide, ornate border composed of stylized floral and foliate motifs. The border is primarily yellow and blue, with red and blue flowers and green leaves. The background of the page is white, decorated with a fine pattern of small red dots. The text is written in a black Gothic script. The first block of text is enclosed in a rectangular frame with a blue and gold border. The second block of text is preceded by a large, decorated initial 'D' that also features floral motifs.

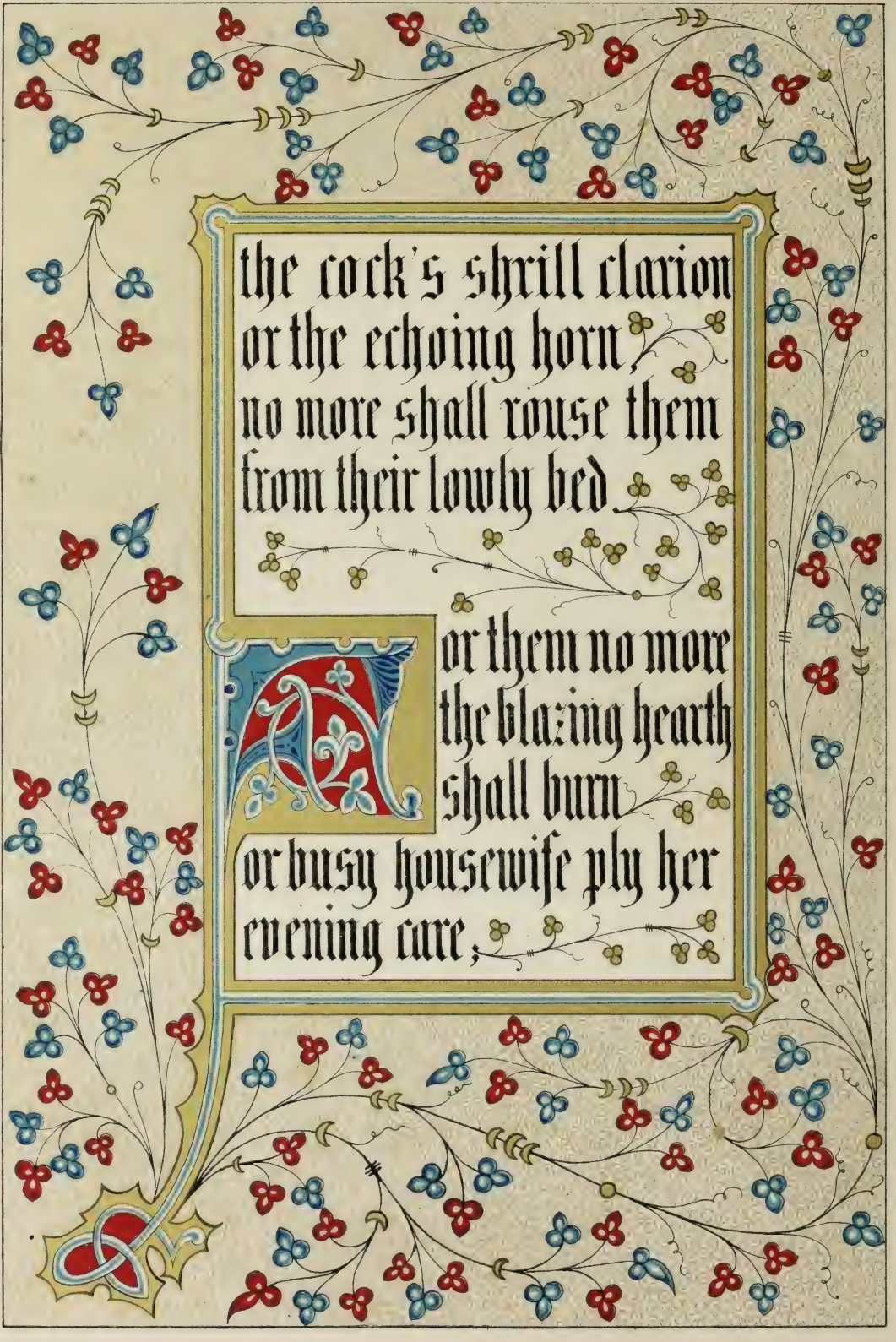
of such as, wandering
near her secret bower,
molest her ancient soli-
tary reign.

Deneath those rug-
ged elms, that
yew tree's shade,
where heaves the turf in
many a mouldering heap,



each in his narrow cell for
ever laid,
the rude forefathers of the
hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of
incense breathing
morn,
the swallow twittering from
the straw-built shed



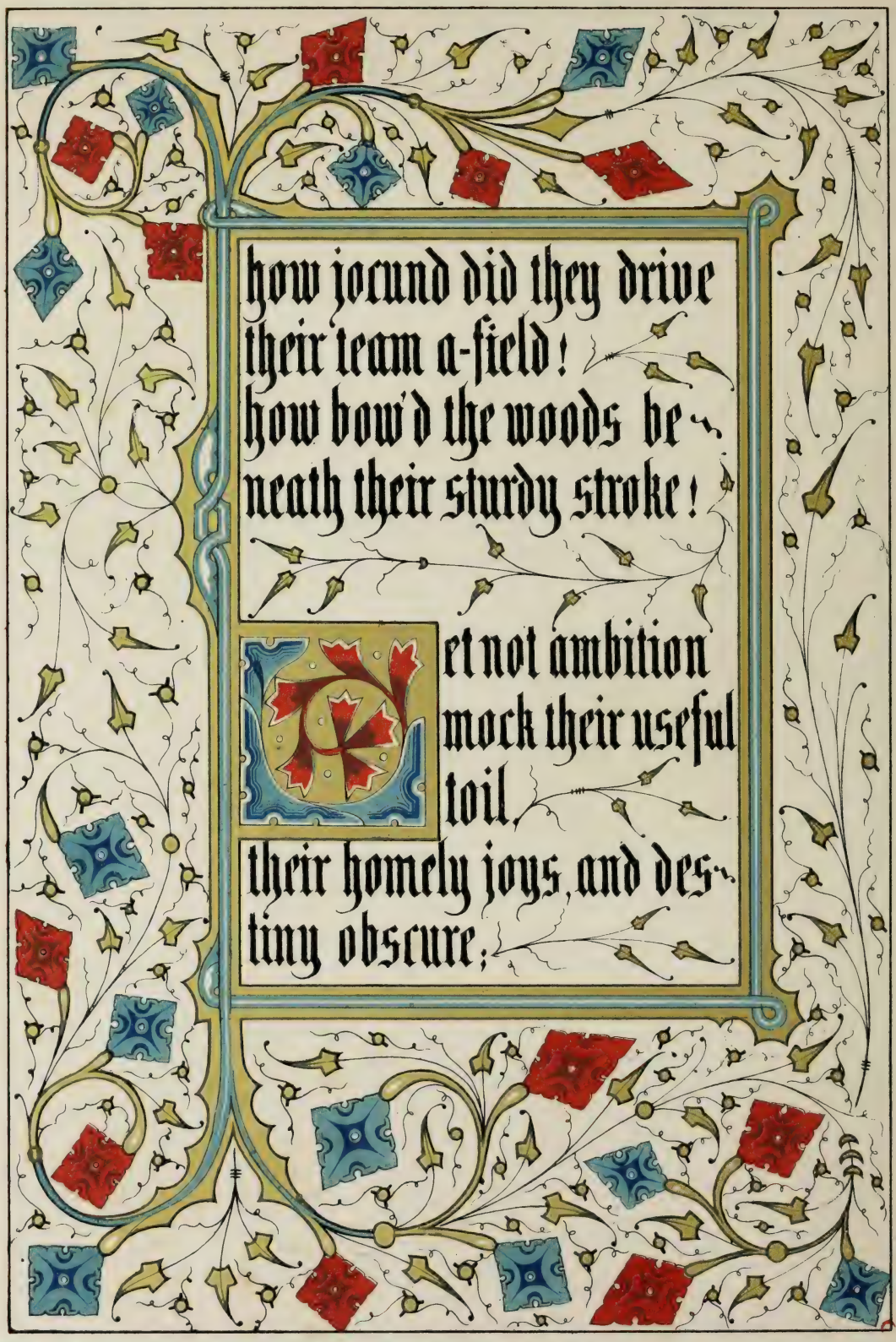
the cock's shrill clarion
or the echoing horn,
no more shall rouse them
from their lowly bed.

Nor them no more
the blazing hearth
shall burn
or busy housewife ply her
evening care;

no children run to lisp their
sire's return,
or climb his knees the en-
vied kiss to share.



It did the harvest
to their sickle
yield;
their furrow oft the stub-
born glebe has broke;

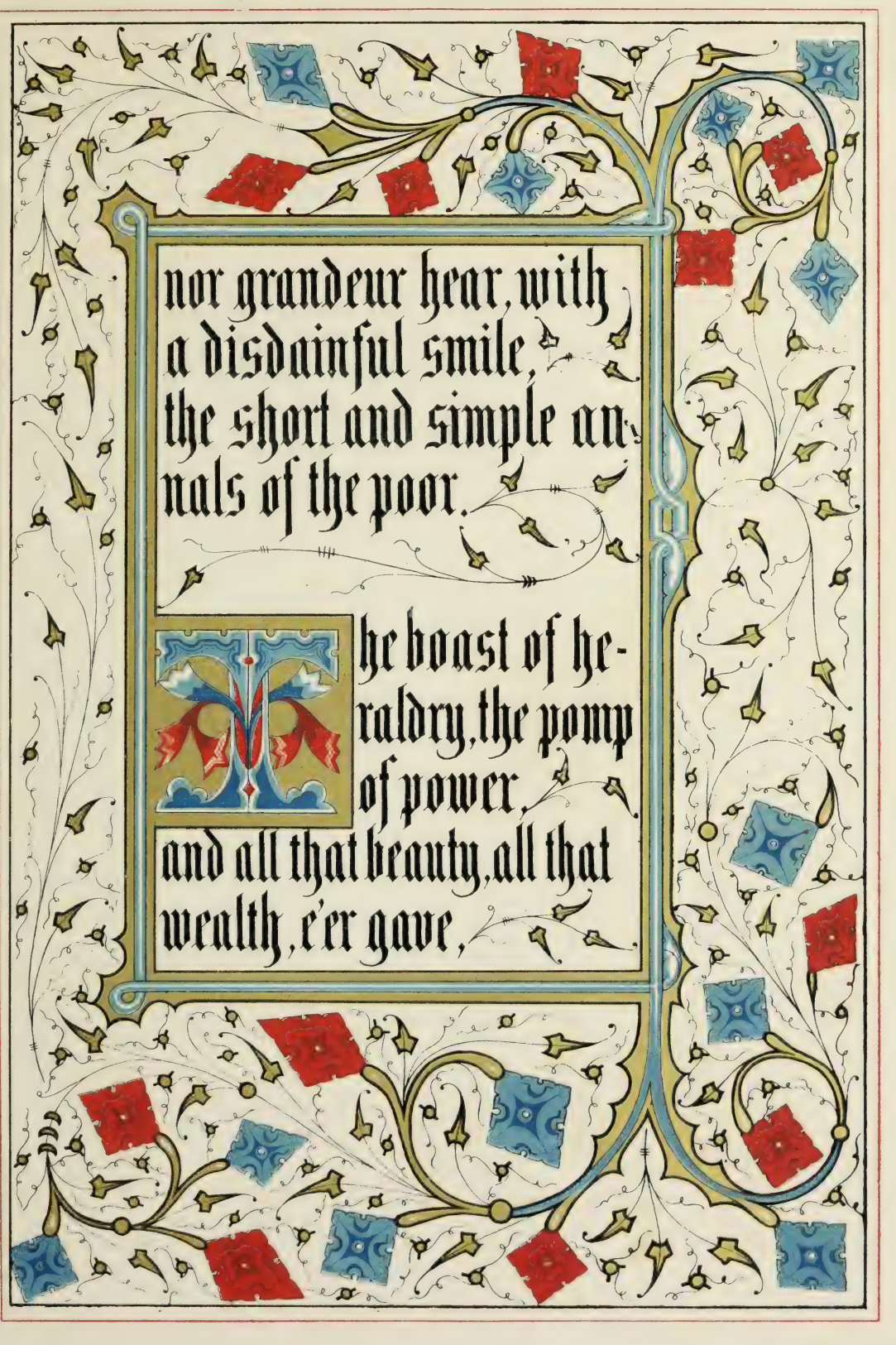


how jocund did they drive
their team a-field!
how bow'd the woods be-
neath their sturdy stroke!



et not ambition
mock their useful
toil.

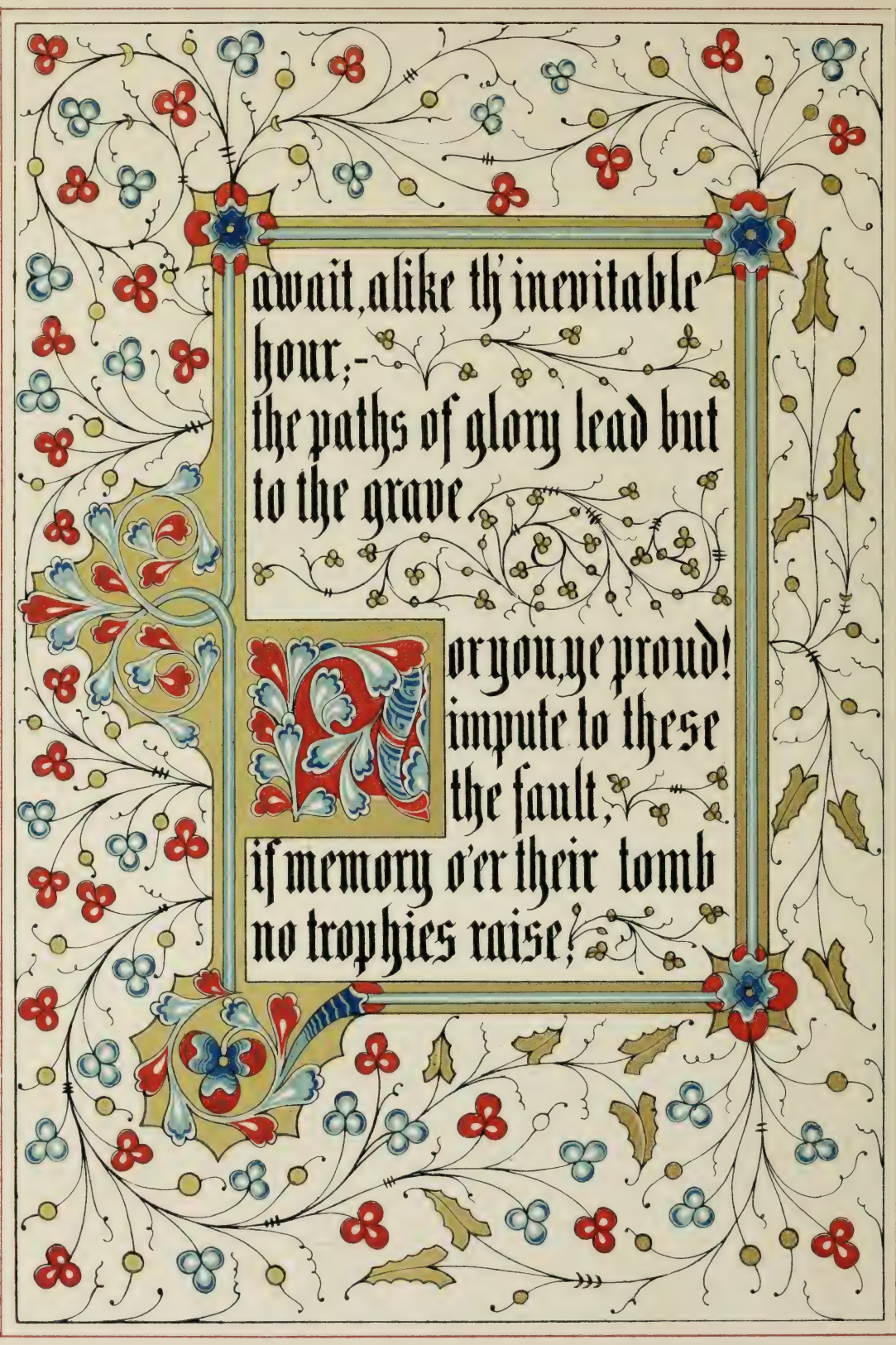
their homely joys, and des-
tiny obscure;



nor grandeur hear, with
a disdainful smile,
the short and simple an-
nals of the poor.

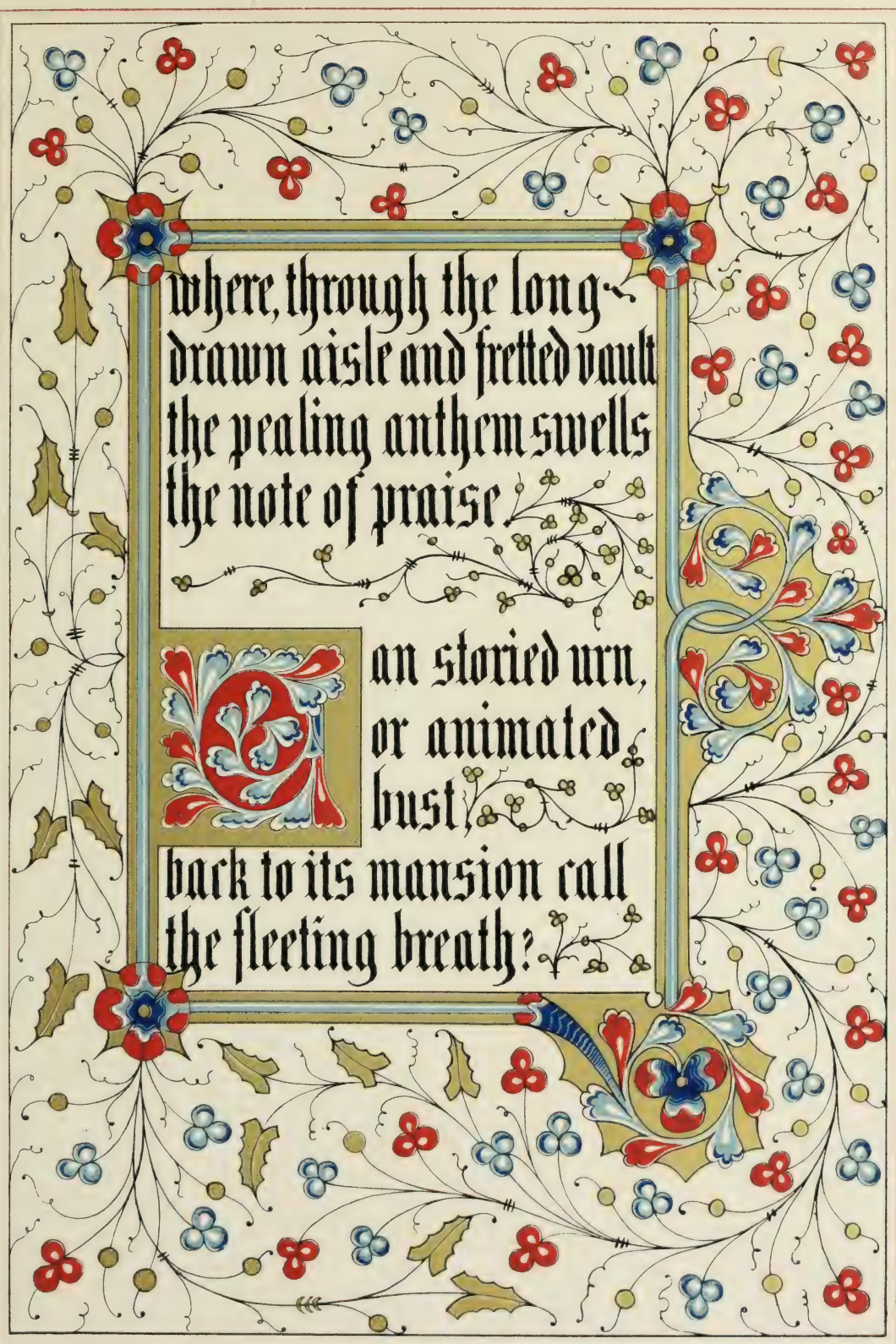


he boast of he-
raldry, the pomp
of power,
and all that beauty, all that
wealth, e'er gave,



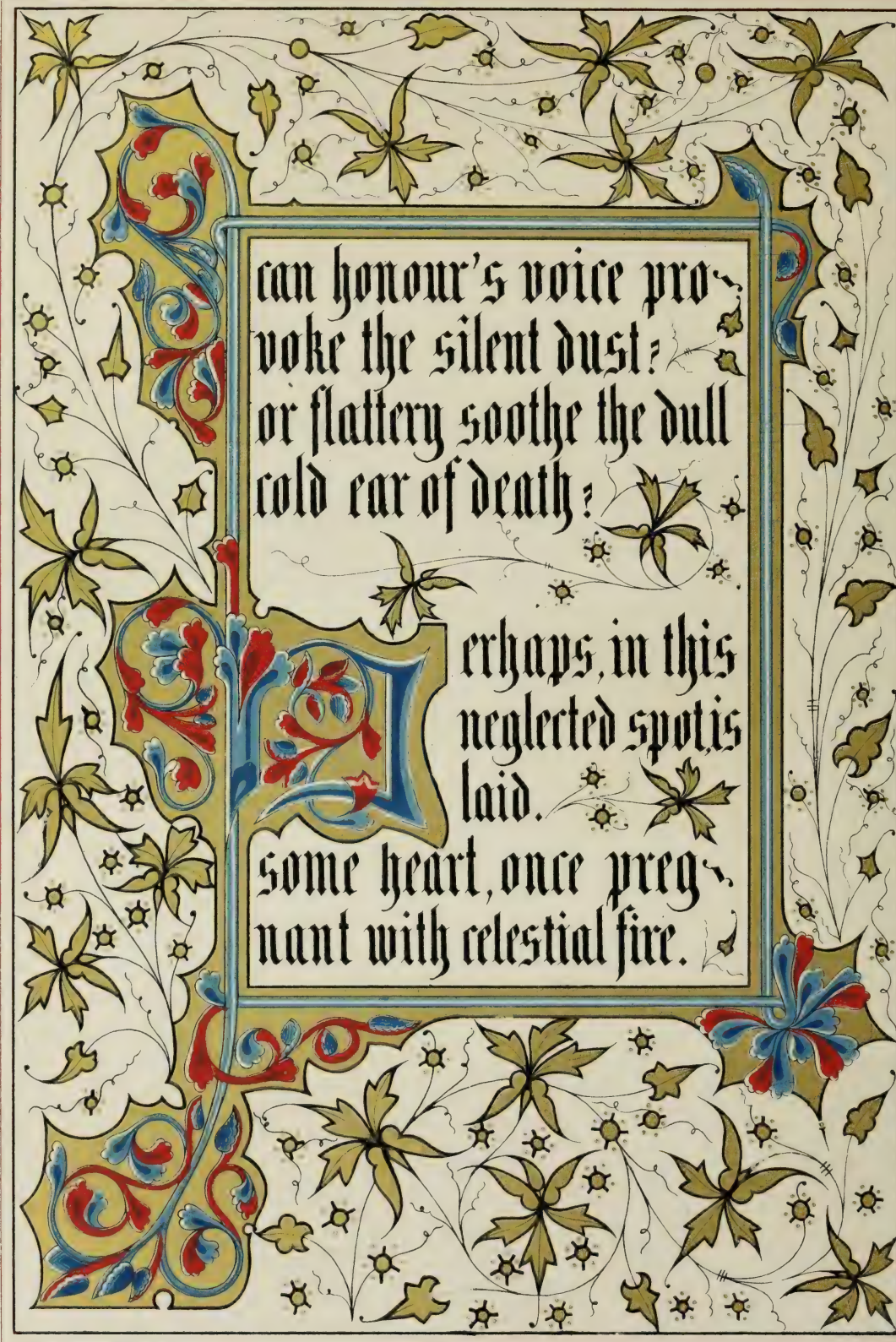
await, alike th' inevitable
hour; -
the paths of glory lead but
to the grave

For you, ye proud!
impute to these
the fault,
if memory o'er their tomb
no trophies raise!

This is a full-page illumination from a medieval manuscript. The page is framed by a wide, intricate border of delicate black vines. These vines are adorned with numerous small, stylized flowers in red and blue, as well as clusters of three-lobed leaves in the same colors. Interspersed among the flowers are small, round gold dots. The background of the page is a light cream color. The text is written in a black Gothic script. The first block of text is at the top, and the second block is in the lower half, preceded by a large, ornate initial 'G'. The initial 'G' is decorated with red and blue floral motifs and is set against a gold background. The text is enclosed within a simple rectangular frame with gold and blue borders.

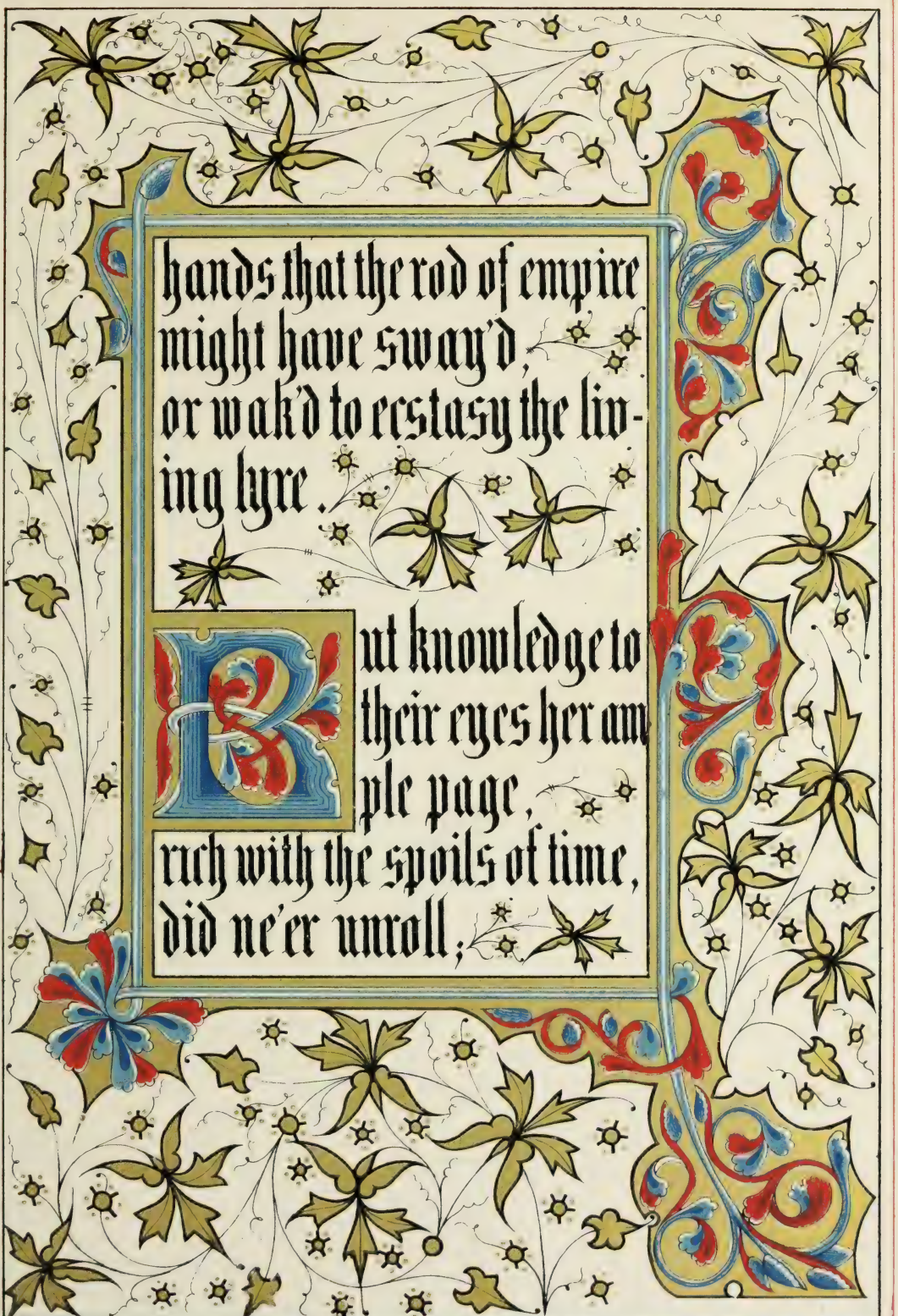
where, through the long-
drawn aisle and fretted vault
the pealing anthem swells
the note of praise

Gan storied urn,
or animated
bust,
back to its mansion call
the fleeting breath?




can honour's voice pro-
voke the silent dust?
or flattery soothe the dull
cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this
neglected spot is
laid.
some heart, once preg-
nant with celestial fire.



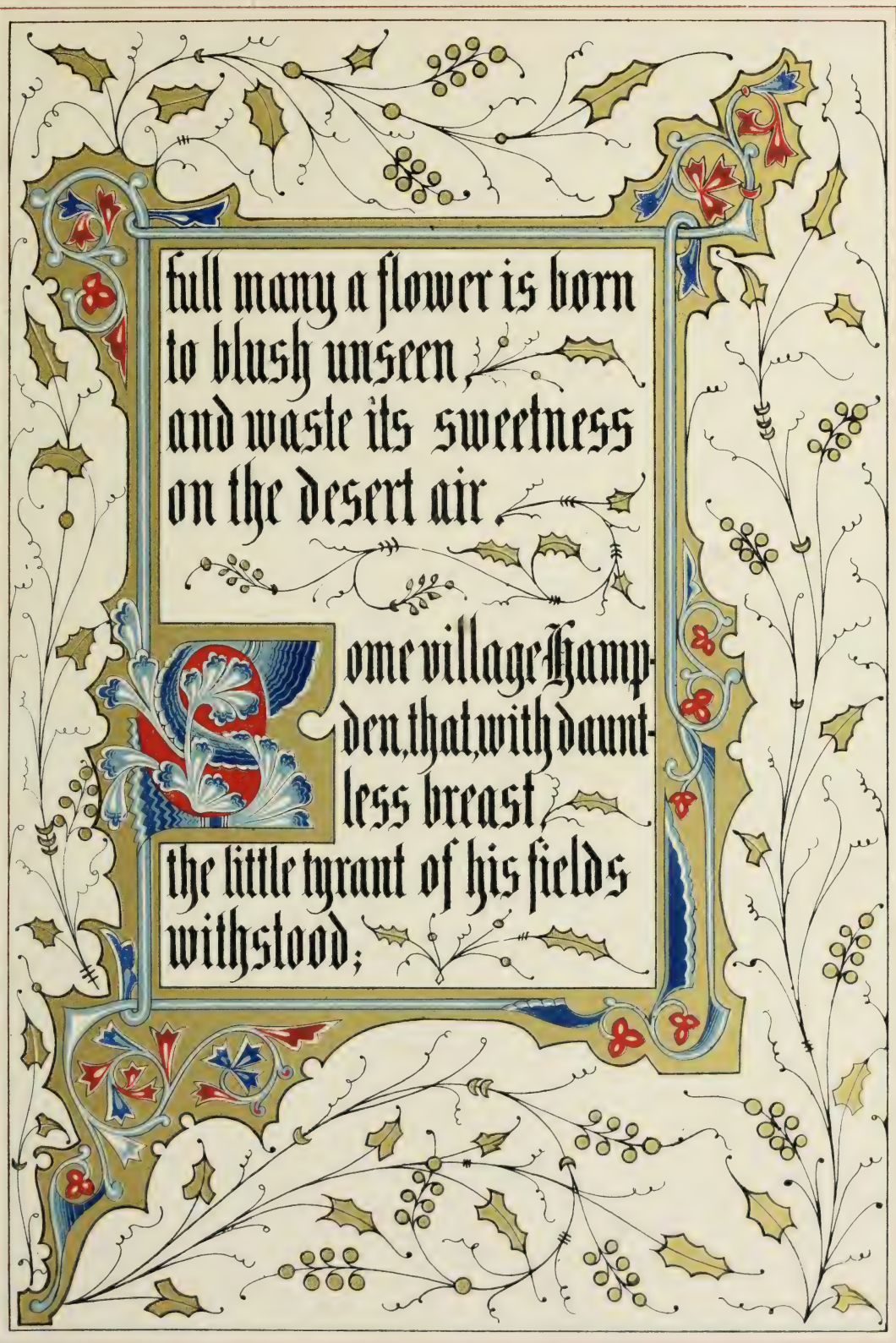
hands that the rod of empire
might have sway'd,
or wak'd to ecstasy the liv-
ing lyre.

But knowledge to
their eyes her am-
ple page,
rich with the spoils of time,
did ne'er unroll;



chill penury repress'd their
noble rage,
and froze the genial current
of the soul.

Full many a gem
of purest ray
serene,
the dark unfathom'd caves
of ocean bear;

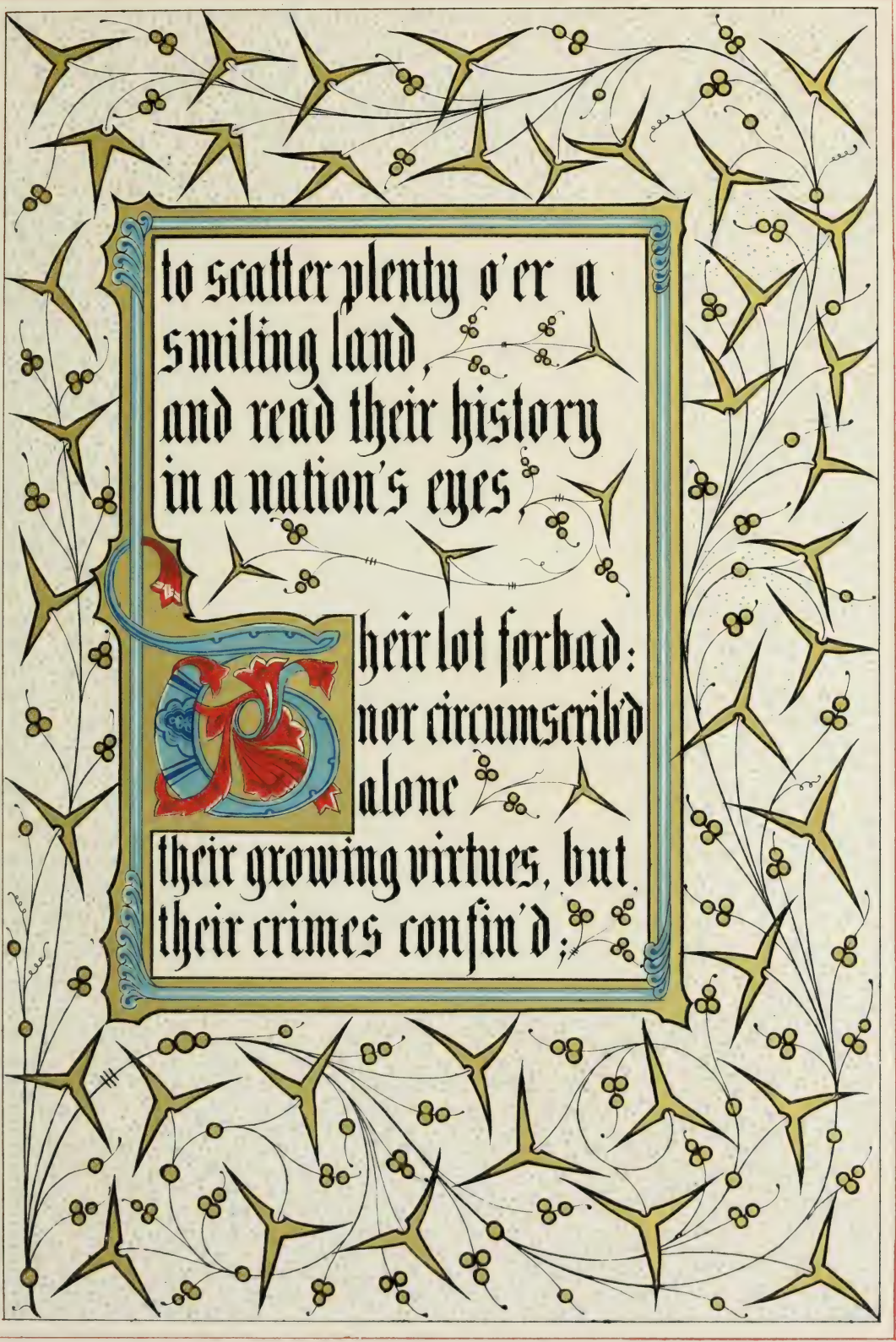


full many a flower is born
to blush unseen,
and waste its sweetness
on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
the little tyrant of his fields
withstood;

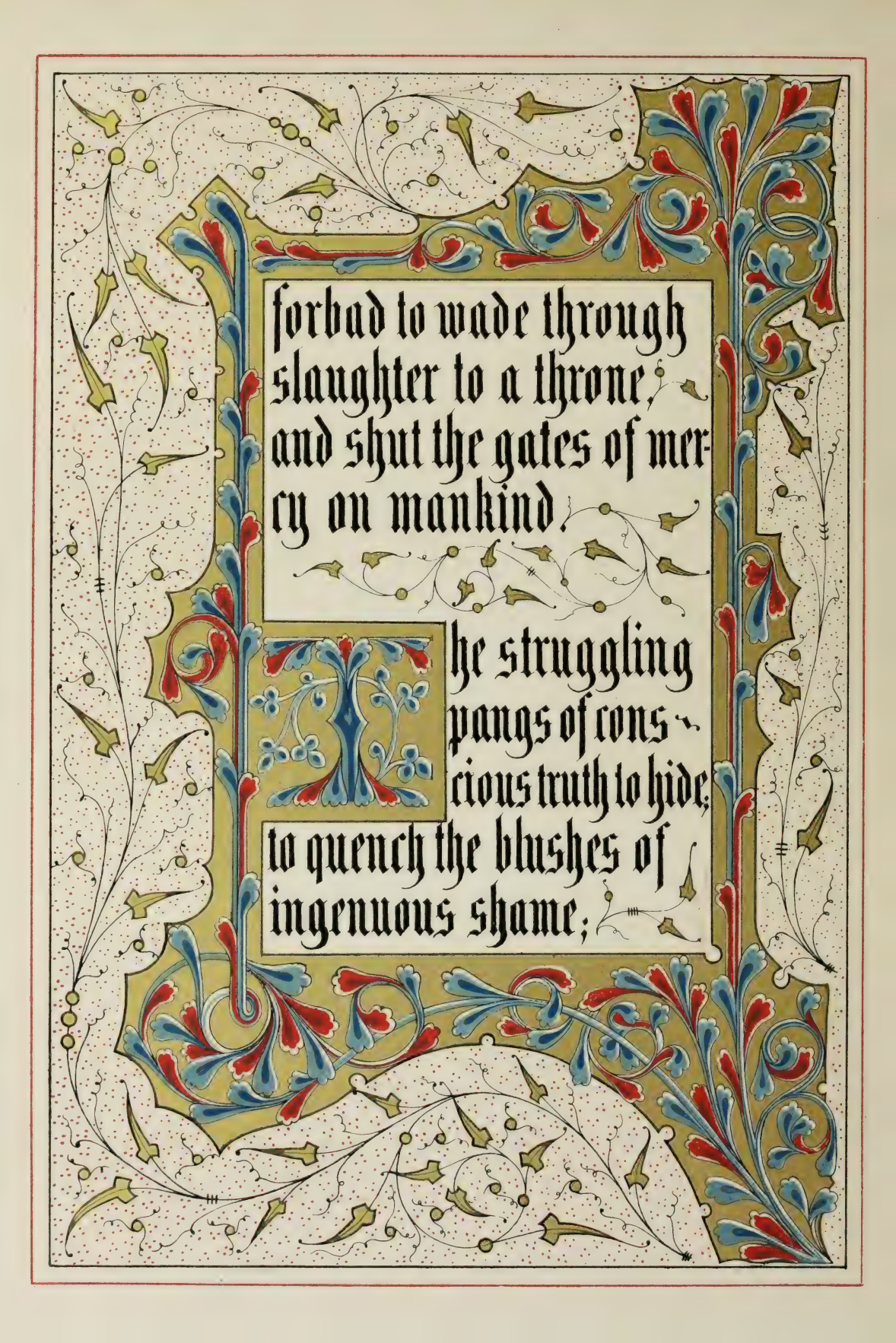
some mute inglorious
Milton, here may rest;
some Cromwell, guiltless
of his country's blood.

Happlause of
listening sena
tes to command,
the threats of pain and
ruin to despise;

The page is framed by a decorative border of stylized birds, possibly swallows, in gold and brown, flying in various directions. Interspersed among the birds are thin, winding lines representing vines or branches, adorned with small, round berries or flowers in gold and brown. The entire border is set against a light cream background.

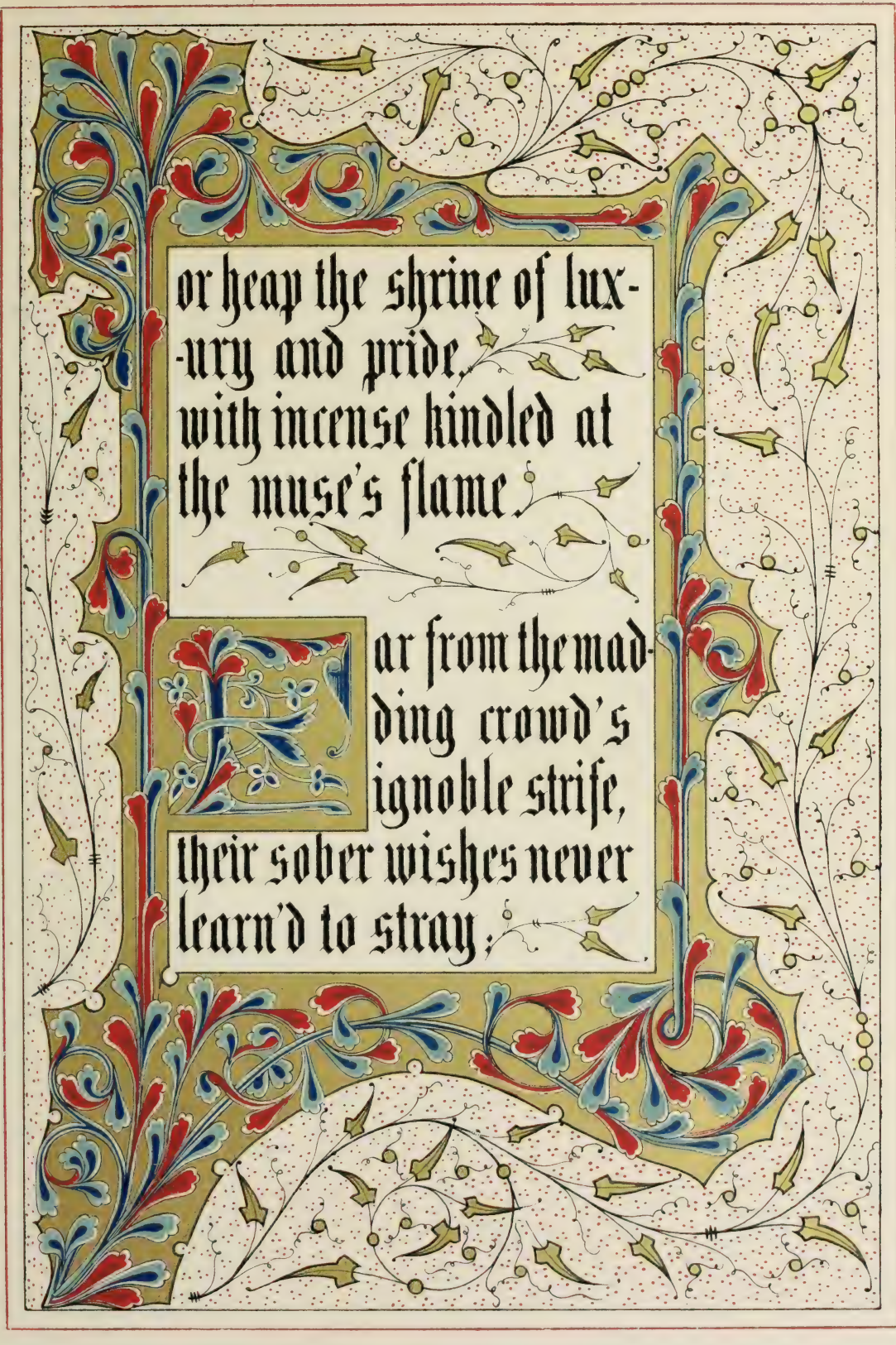
to scatter plenty o'er a
smiling land,
and read their history
in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad:
nor circumscrib'd
alone
their growing virtues, but
their crimes confin'd;

The page is a full-page illumination. It features a wide, ornate border composed of stylized floral and foliate motifs in blue, red, and gold. The background of the page is a light cream color, decorated with a fine, repeating pattern of small dots. Two rectangular text blocks are set within the border. The first block, at the top, contains the text 'forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind.' The second block, at the bottom, contains the text 'he struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide, to quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;'. The text is written in a black, formal Gothic script. The initial 'H' in the second block is decorated with a blue and red floral motif.

forbad to wade through
slaughter to a throne,
and shut the gates of mer-
cy on mankind.

He struggling
pangs of cons-
cious truth to hide,
to quench the blushes of
ingenuous shame;



or heap the shrine of lux-
ury and pride,
with incense kindled at
the muse's flame.

Far from the mad-
ding crowd's
ignoble strife,
their sober wishes never
learn'd to stray;

along the cool sequester'd
vale of life
they kept the noiseless
tenour of their way.



et e'en these bo
nes from insult
to protect,
some frail memorial still
erected nigh

with uncouth rhymes and
shapeless sculpture deck'd,
implores the passing tri-
bute of a sigh.




their name, their
years, spelt by
th'unletter'd muse,
the place of fame and elegy
supply;

and many a holy text
around she strews,
that teach the rustic mora-
list to die.



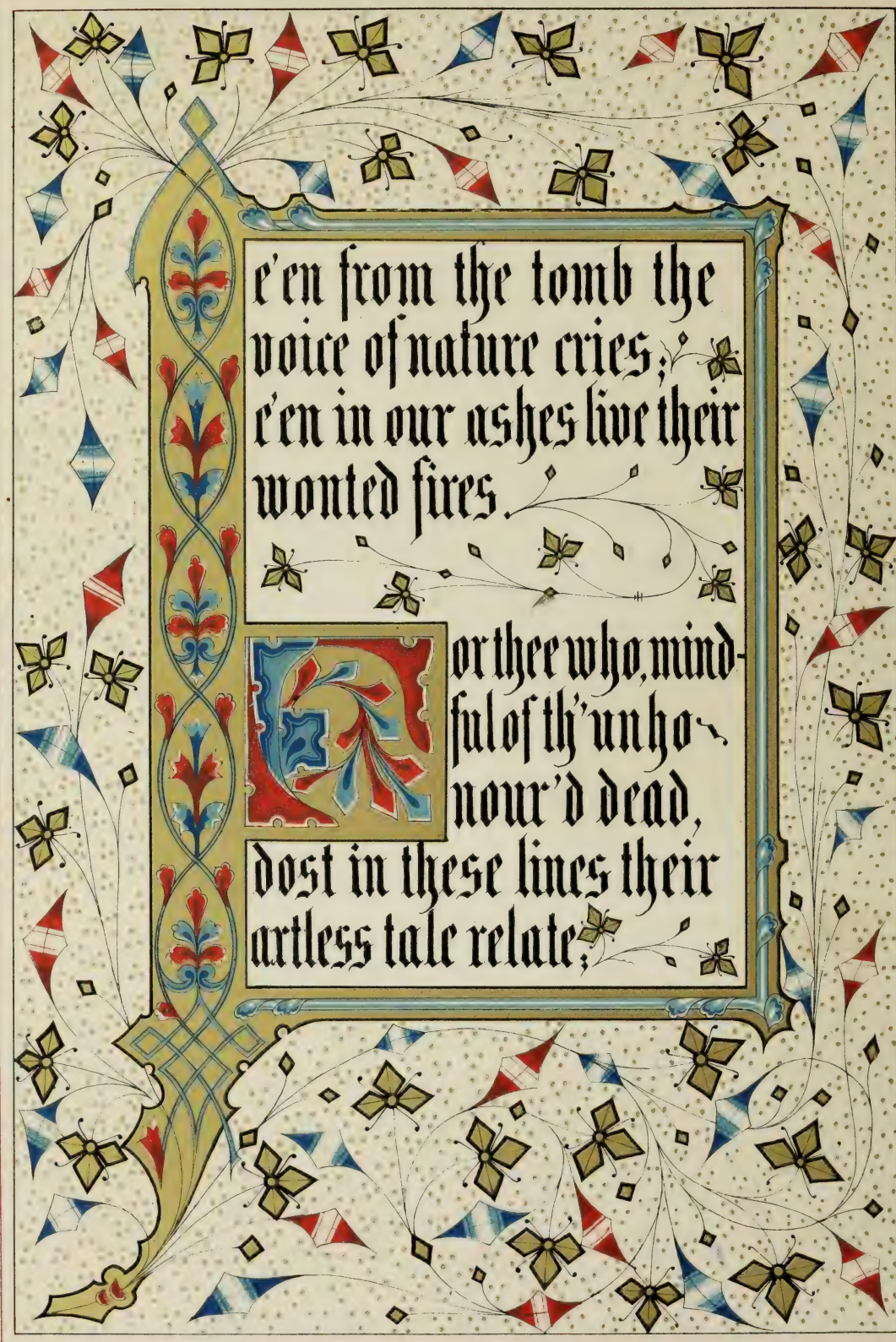
or who, to dumb
forgetfulness a
prey,
this pleasing, anxious
being e'er resign'd;




left the warm precincts of
the cheerful day,
nor cast one longing, lin-
gering look behind;



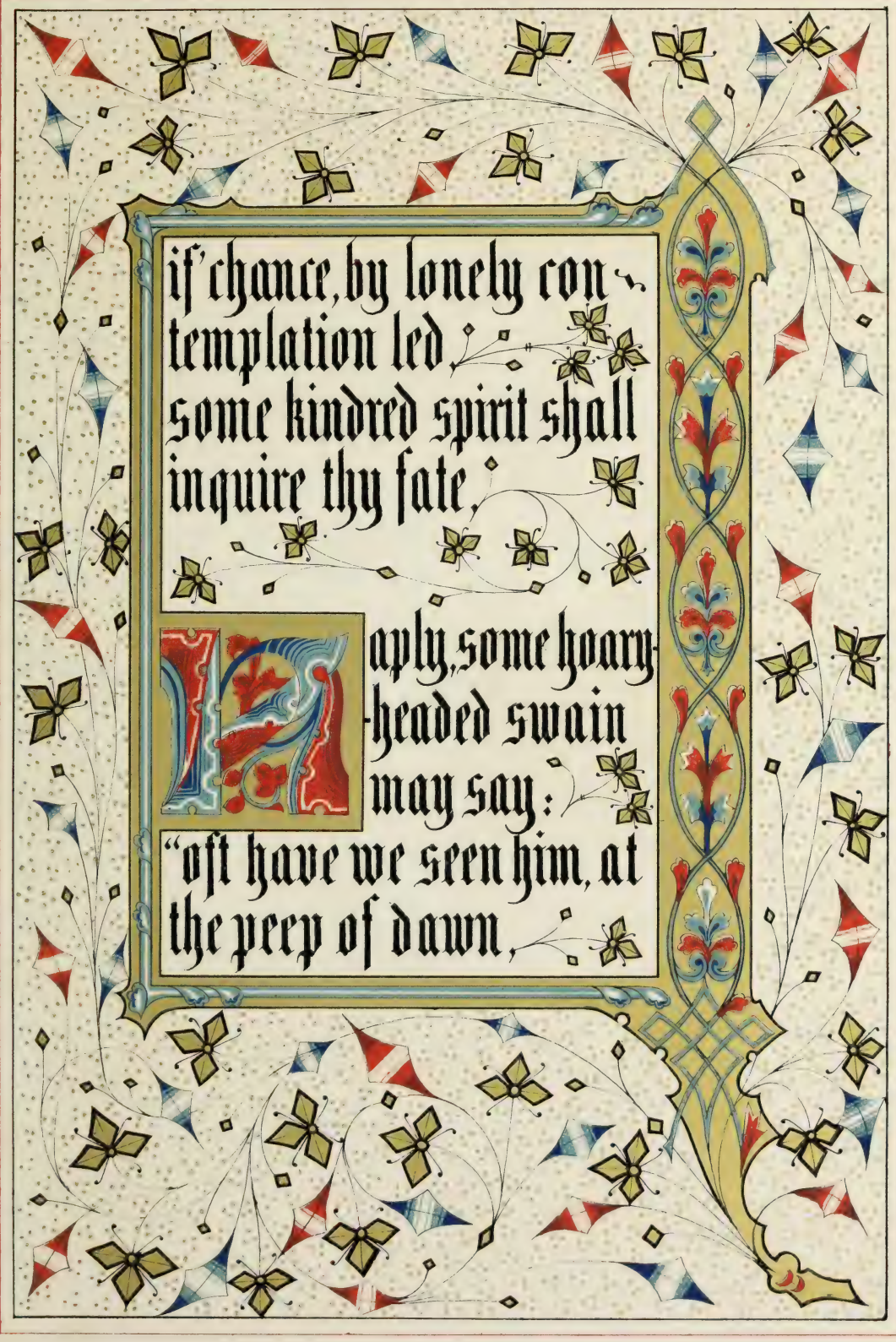
In some fond
breast the par-
ting soul relies;
some pious drops the clo-
sing eye requires;

The page is framed by a wide, ornate border. It features a repeating pattern of stylized kites in red, white, and blue, interspersed with small, five-petaled flowers in green and gold. The background of the border is a light cream color with a fine, dotted pattern. The text is enclosed in a rectangular frame with a gold inner border and a blue outer border. The left side of the frame is decorated with a vertical band of red and blue floral motifs.

e'en from the tomb the
voice of nature cries;
e'en in our ashes live their
wonted fires.

A large, decorative initial letter 'F' in blue and red, set within a gold square frame. The 'F' is stylized with intricate patterns and is surrounded by a red and blue floral design.


For thee who, mind-
ful of th' unho-
nour'd dead,
dost in these lines their
artless tale relate;



if chance, by lonely con-
templation led,
some kindred spirit shall
inquire thy fate,

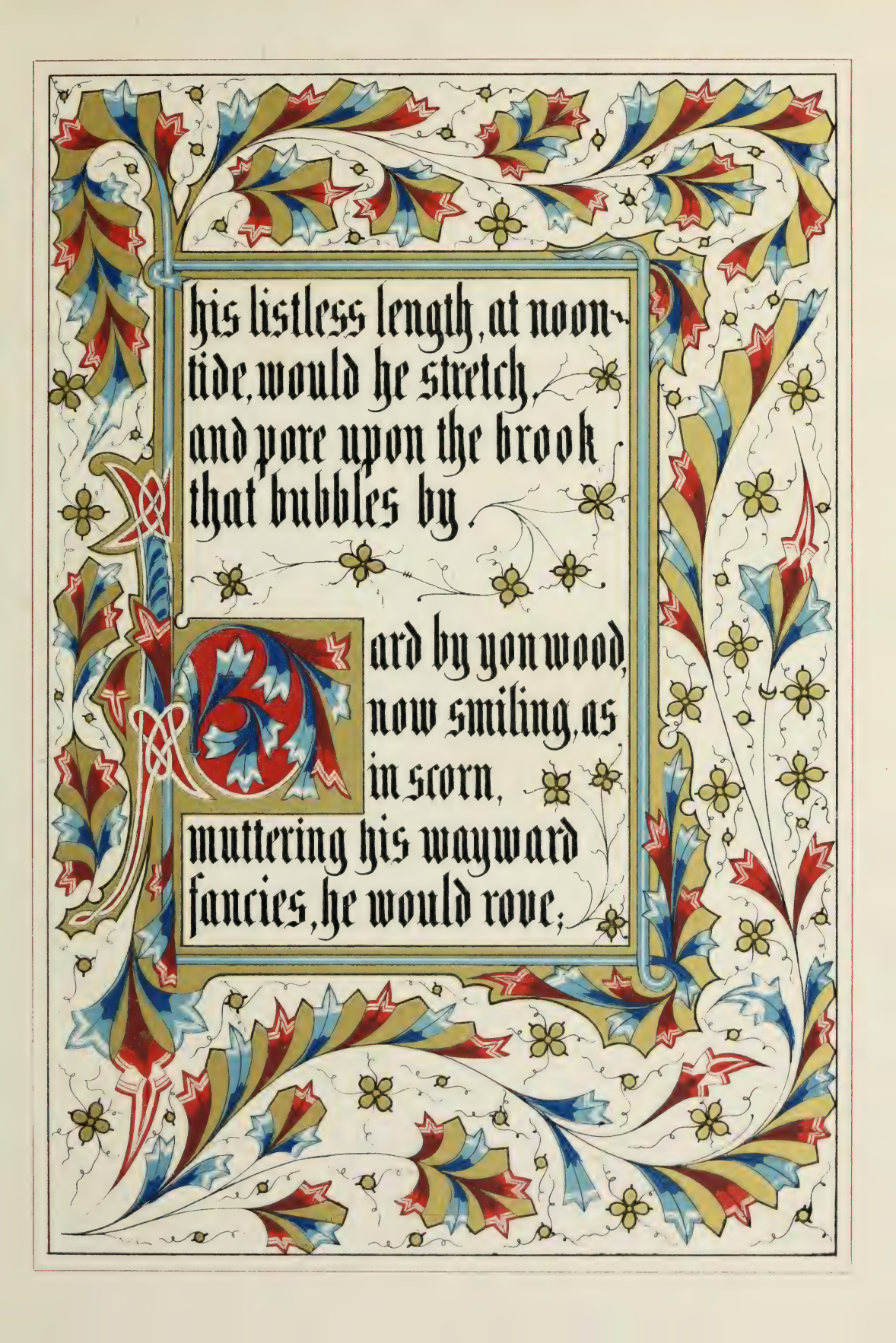
Waply, some hoary-
headed swain
may say:

“oft have we seen him, at
the peep of dawn,



brushing, with hasty steps,
the dews away,
to meet the sun upon the
upland lawn.


Here, at the foot
of yonder nod-
ding beech,
that wreathes its old fan-
tastic roots so high,

The page is framed by a wide, ornate border of stylized leaves and flowers. The leaves are in shades of red, blue, and gold, with some having a wavy, flame-like shape. Small, five-petaled flowers in gold and blue are scattered throughout the border. The text is enclosed in a rectangular frame with a gold border. The first line of text is in a black, Gothic-style font.


his listless length, at noon-
tide, would he stretch,
and pore upon the brook
that bubbles by.

A large, decorative initial 'A' in the shape of a heart. It is filled with a red and blue pattern of stylized leaves and flowers. The 'A' is outlined in gold and has a small gold dot at the top. The text continues in the same black, Gothic-style font.


ard by yon wood,
now smiling, as
in scorn,
muttering his wayward
fancies, he would rove;



now drooping woeful wan,
like one forlorn.
or craz'd with care, or cross'd
in hopeless love.



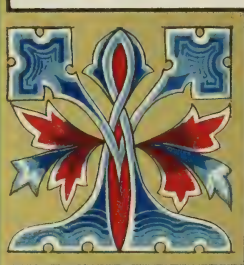
ne morn, I miss'd
him on the cus-
tom'd hill,
along the heath, and near
his favourite tree;



another came, - nor yet
beside the rill,
nor up the lawn, nor at
the wood, was he;

The next, with
dirges due, in
sad array
slow through the church-
way path we saw him borne.

approach and read, (for
thou canst read) the lay,
grav'd on the stone beneath
yon aged thorn."



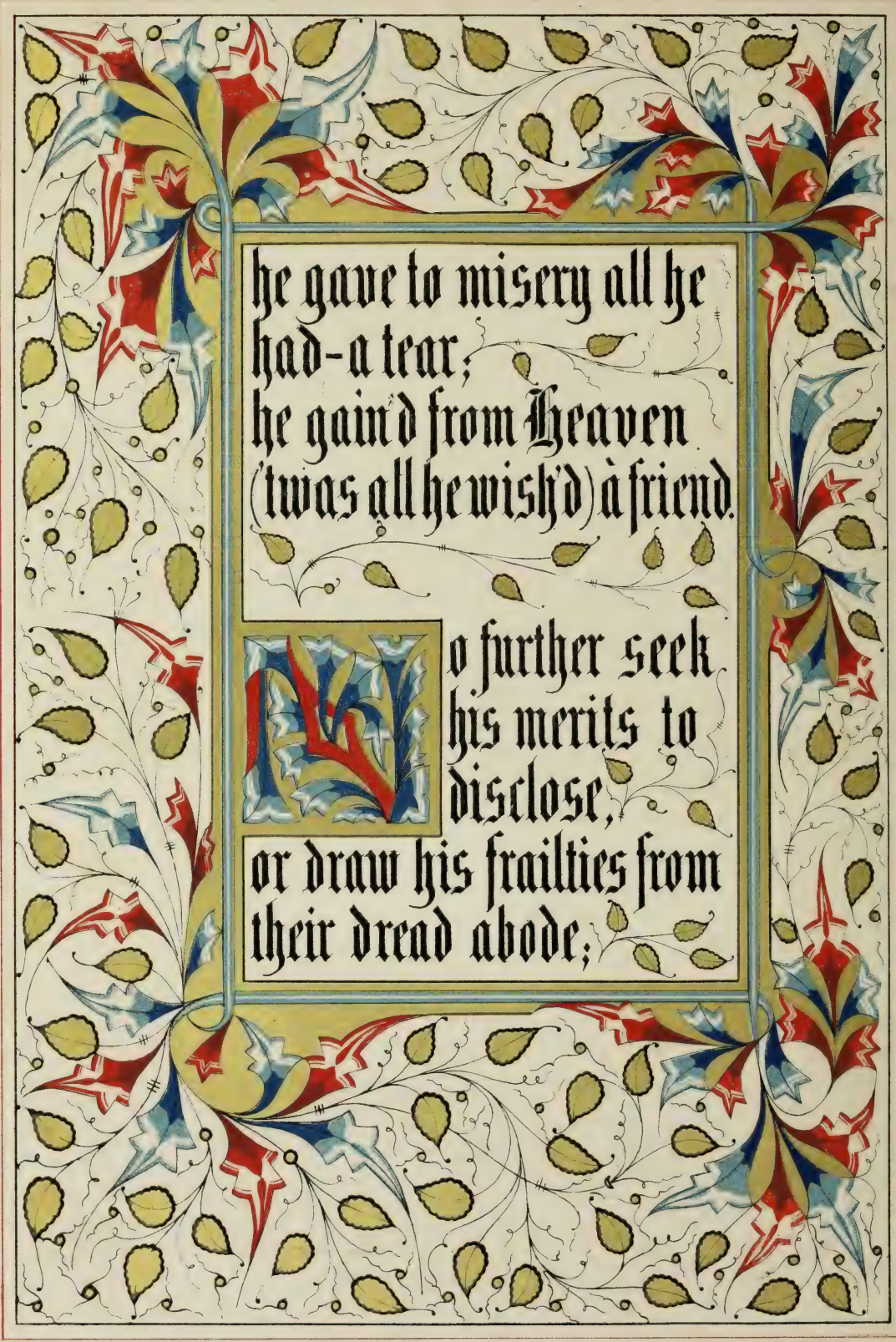
ere rests his
head upon the
lap of earth,
a youth, to fortune and to
fame unknown;

fair science frown'd not on
his humble birth,
and melancholy mark'd
him for her own.



Large was his
bounty and his
soul sincere;


Heaven did a recompense
as largely send:



he gave to misery all he
had-a tear;
he gain'd from Heaven
(twas all he wish'd) a friend.



no further seek
his merits to
disclose,
or draw his frailties from
their dread abode;



(there they alike in trem-
bling hope repose,)
the bosom of his father and
his God.



